Fort. Hotel Sidmouth Devon
29 April 35

Hi hoed up what's this I say speek
uh what is this says when is this
so called Hagues letter in reply
to your loving thoughts; it is not
come is the return of this meager
Chamber-maid eggs when is this
hot man and damn this role.
says here is this Times newspaper
to get on with and a gralic fringe
& a egg Christ what more do you want?

Dear Rene how are you I wonder & how
is dear Joan. did you get this registered
Postcard — you know that Vicky has
gone & got married & is on honymoon
in Paris ~~Kit~~ I note it will all be
alright. She is particularly keen on
getting a boiler quick as a stork.
Hallyburger they do do it. Kit Dawson
is away here on Wednesday or Thursday
I am glad of that. I have been
talking 'in house to a chap here
who is acting adjutant to a County
Regiment he's told me some things
that have interested me a lot.
& knows stacks about strategy & Co.
the next show is not half going to
be a bugger. You wouldn't half
have been amused on Easter Sunday
the Irish Priest got so far with
because the nuns & girls in the
gallery kept tittering and with the
organ bellows that had gone wrong

Sorry I know all about
rehiii I'm sure just
like me. I'm trouble the Telegraphs enquiries. Sorry sir

in some way during the sermon & making
slight noise that he came down [illegible]
& refused to sing the rest of the mass
(it was the missa cantata with the sermon & all)
& just turned the rest into a low mass —
can you beat it — it reminds one of the old
man O'Connor. — they are beggars.
I think it was because some one in
the choir had begged it, or fainted at least
— but no — just bad temper — pretty bad
show. I must say. Prudence sent me
Dr Thom & Vicar of Bulkampton to read — I do think you must
like them — I do, think you must read
Vicar of Bulkampton sometime, anyway —
Thursday, again I've had sent me from Brackley
the fascinating prospectus for the air plant factory
Bangor newydd ~~[illegible]~~ y Capel-y-ffin
Catholicism Vaux Erwyas yn morganwg. (short the
* syntax is all wrong) sounds jolly
I mean the prospectus not my attempt at dog-Welsh
poll* I must say — what do they
pay visiting masters on such subjects
as / the general ballocks of most things!
I think the kids ought to have a
good 'grounding' in William Penrose Taplow
anyhow. Give my love to Mrs Peter Tegetmeier
Weaver & spinner. — I thought
pornography was a misprint for the
ars pornos & had no idea what it
meant till I looked in the Red book
well I do hope it succeeds I sounded

met ~~Ge~~ Kit Dawson on the Front
there yesterday just before Prudence left
& I had him & his wife to dinner
which was nice & I went to lunch
with him to-day - ~~He's~~ He's staying in Exeter
until Saturday giving some lectures.
I do like him. he talked a lot
about Wales. — he told me the
first thing he ever wrote was an essay
on early welsh stuff. Gododin & Co.
he told me about a thing discovered
Chanson de Geste called the Song of William
which he says is better than the song of
Roland. in some ways.
~~Be~~ Prudence & I went to Mass on sunday
& just got in time for the Lenten instruction
& a pastoral letter for the Bishop of Plymouth
& a Papal letter - ~~&~~ we may say I
am not struck on these types.
Kit Dawsons little girls are both at
that convent. & had been in troop
in a that 4th sunday that seem so 50
far away now — it was very hard
on both here. I hope you have
not got measles —
I wish this was a nice letter.
I'll try & write again soon.
I wish I could write a lot of
my book — I do wish I could

"Poor Jenny is a weeping on a bright summer day"

with to me if I can have strength
& time.
Give my love to Petra: It was cool
here this morning, but now cool again
& rain.
On my table the collects of Littlestones has
increased & a cosy basket of Primroses
that Prudence & I picked on a rainy
day. on a high hill, between great
hedges. When we went to see the
dead knight at Ottery.
I like I can write write away with
the vigour of the tenth fast - do be
Cairfull. old man..
God bless I & Joan & all yours.
& let us get the good in the End.

Much love to I & Dear Rene
& Joan & michael in his great leg

David.

we decided that Part 7 is called deliriously

Ash Wednesday, morning
on the beach & a soft lap lap lapping - in
sea, with gulls sitting like Halcyon birds sit.
a black dog has just shit against the sea wall
by my elbow. I say damn this animule
I had a P.C. fm Prudence this morning
fm Arrowsmith - the place where my motto was -
She went there fm Totnes to see it again because she
liked it so much - she saw a white strat
cleaning itself in the sun. O my Lionheard
are departing. She has such a Heavenly mind.

this can't be a long letter - because there
is no time - Did I tell you about Professor
giving me the Heimskringla - the Icelandic
Saga thing - Chronicle of the Kings of Norway
& how there is one nice thing in it
about a Dog who became King & was
borne round by the Royal Body Guard
& used to bark three words & shake two
paths like off Solly - but I believe I
told you before - I must stop
& I do send you & Joan Christ
Love - I shall be pleased
to hear from you — or rather
pleased hearing from her or
Enid - Give my love to Evelyn
& Phyllis -
Good bye for now. With love
David.

Sorry this is not a better
letter & more of it but
there it is. I shouldn't be
obliged if the post did not
go off so soon. §